The Sun.

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The Danger, and the Vulgarity, of Gratitude.

It is made known that the Nevada Legislature has passed a bill which makes it a crime for any citizen to accept a free pass over a railroad. This is almost too good to be true. If President ROOSEVELT had done nothing more than abolish the free railroad pass he would deserve a statue in every State in the Union. We hear on every side that free passes are done away with; but are they really done away with? Great and revered authority has said that railway rebates are at an end; but are they really at an end? Every now and then there is some sickening disclosure of railroad villainy that makes us sceptical.

If the railroad pass is done for, the President should indeed have the statues. With all due and proper consideration for his sensibilities these monuments should not await his demise. A grateful people and an army of railroad stockholders should take no risk of the chill that unfeeling Time imparts to obligations that are merely moral and not contractual. We ourselves will contribute. Great as will be the sacrifice, we hereby pledge our services as a committee of one, with power, to reject all statues that are unworthy as works of art.

We wonder, after all, how great a root of injustice and corruption the free pass actually was? We have a suspicion that the evil of it was greatly exaggerated. That it worked a grievous wrong upon the railroad and its stockholders we have no manner of doubt; but we think that there is very little evidence that as a vehicle of seduction and bribery it accomplished much. Legislators in all the States enjoyed free passes on all the railroads in reach; and railroad people procured for legislators, on proper importunity, passes on other and remote roads. Some legislators did not choose to travel themselves on these free passes, not from any sense of delicacy, as might be supposed, but because they could add to their emoluments by negotiating the passes for cash. But were the legislators, by reason of the passes, derelict to their duty to the State? We do not think so. A young member of a Legislature, a newly elected man without experience, it is conceivable that such a one might be in some degree susceptible to the emollience of the free pass. But they were undoubtedly very few. To speak plainly, we record our conviction that the free pass never amounted to much. In fact we do not mind saying that we have never known an instance in which a legislator or a Legislature refrained from the blackmail of a railroad because of free passes. We do not believe there is such a case on record, though we confess, we should be inclined to defer to the testimony of Mr. CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW, with whom, as an authority on the subject, we have no pretension to compete.

In the case of the press we must say that the abolition of the free pass has operated a grave injustice and one which will fall heavily upon urban hotel keepers and the proprietors of summer resorts. If we are rightly informed, it threatens to extinguish the migratory habit which the press heretofore has cultivated with singular assiduity and vehemence. To deprive this indispensable and valued class of their change of scene, air and diet, and the hotel people of a custom so lucrative and so important, is something that we are not prepared to approve. It may lead to deplorable consequences; but we trust that public opinion will not be led into any precipitate conclusions. In any case there is not a scintilla of evidence to prove that any paper ever failed in its sacred duty to the public by reason of its immunity and prerogative in the matter of travel. Indeed, the head of a great railroad centring in Chicago once remarked concerning one of the most illustrious organs of that city that it "required more free passes than any paper in the country and abused the railroads more than all the other papers in Illinois put together!" The subject is one which we approach with diffidence, this paper never having been addicted to the free pass practice.

We think that we are justified in our idea that the whole free pass agitation has been vastly overdone. There is very little in it. Now there is President ROOSEVELT himself. Did he ever incur any detriment from free passes? Not a bit of it! Can any one point to a single improper advantage or any other kind of advantage that any railroad has enjoyed by reason of its having carried him free over its lines? Not much! The President holds the record for free passes in American railroad history; and therefore in the world. Where is the railroad that can boast of having had access to the body politic, of having "touched" the popular substance, by virtue of its extenuation before the Chief Magistrate? Where indeed!

May it not, on the contrary, be truly said that the railroads have been visited with the Government wrath in the ratio of their subserviency; that their punishment has been magisterially and accurately adjusted in proportion to Mr. ROOSEVELT'S free mileage? On this delicate point the opinion of Mr. EDWARD HENRY HARRIMAN would be important and of authority.

It is quite doubtful if this same kind of humbug and insincerity does not characterize the outcry against campaign contributions by corporations. No just or honest man can rightly and honestly impugn the motives of the corporations in giving freely in the last Presidential campaign. They were all intensely and passionately eager for the election of Mr. ROOSEVELT and the defeat of Mr. PARKER. We are not now opening the question of their good judgment in the matter; but of the facts. Besides, even Democrats no longer seriously dispute it. The corporations were incontestably in the right of it; and if they gave generously of their substance it was no more than they had a right to do. Did any of them derive any advantage upon which suspicion or censure could for a moment dwell? As a matter of fact, is it not only too true that the seats which the corporation St. Lawrences at this moment occupy upon the President's gridiron are severally regulated as to their temperature by the size of their contributions to the campaign of 1904? It is strictly true; but it is true by coincidence only and not by design.

The foul reproach of gratitude, the most vulgar and the most obsolete of the emotions, can never be laid at Mr. ROOSEVELT'S door. On the other hand, we should just as soon think of imputing it to Mr. HARRIMAN!

The Prospects of the Santo Domingo Treaty.

We share the impression of some of the best observers of opinion in the United States Senate that the new Santo Domingo treaty, free from the objections which were fatal to the convention originally proposed in the time of the late Secretary HAY, will now receive the necessary two-thirds vote and be ratified.

It is to be hoped that the treaty will be brought up in the Senate in season for ratification at the present session. No good reason appears for delay, and a little longer delay will inevitably either defer the consideration of this highly important matter to a special session of the Senate or put it off until next winter.

The sooner the better.

England Ahead Again.

For the last seven years the United States and the United Kingdom have been running a neck and neck race for the supremacy among exporting nations. Within that time this country has held the cup for four years, and our competitor has held it for three. It fell to our competitor last year. The record stands thus:

TOTAL EXPORTS, CALENDAR YEARS.

	United Kingdom.	United States.
1900	$1,416,515,000	$1,477,946,000+
1901	1,362,620,000	1,465,375,000+
1902	1,377,219,000	1,360,685,000—
1903	1,405,178,000	1,484,753,000+
1904	1,463,410,000	1,451,318,000—
1905	1,608,057,000	1,626,990,000+
1906	1,828,212,000	1,798,247,000—

Best wishes! To-day to you, to-morrow to us. It is a square race, and we are just getting our second wind.

Pension Legislation.

The service pension bill which the House passed on February 4 insures various monthly payments, according to age, to men 62 and over "who served ninety days or more in the military service of the United States during the late civil war or sixty days in the war with Mexico." In the case of those veterans who wore the uniform the prescribed time, took part in no skirmish, perhaps never went to the front and suffered no physical injury from camp or garrison life, the pension they will receive might be termed by the critical an old age pension. However that may be, there are, according to Representative SULLOWAY of New Hampshire, the stanchest old soldiers' friend in Congress, about 200,000 veterans of the civil war entitled to service pensions under the new law. The eligible Mexican War veterans are to be added in estimating the total annual cost to the Government, which Mr. SULLOWAY conservatively puts at $6,000,000 and others sceptically at $15,000,000. It may be supposed that these curious and critical ones are interested in public improvements in their districts, notably the deepening of waterways, which is a sore subject with members disappointed by the allotments in the River and Harbor bill.

But it must not be presumed that the old soldier, of any war or similitude of a war, lacks champions in Congress at any stage of pension legislation. Mr. SULLOWAY had trouble with these enthusiasts, these die in the last ditch tappers of the Treasury, when he was pushing the Service Pension bill to passage. Mr. SHERLEY of Kentucky wanted to know why aged survivors of the Spanish War had not been included; Mr. STEPHENS of Texas proposed veterans who had served on the frontier before the civil war; Mr. SPARKMAN of Florida could not see why the surviving soldiers of the Florida Indian wars of 1856, 1857 and 1858 should have been passed over; Mr. SLAYDEN of Texas complained that there had been "rank discrimination" against "the heroic men who defended the frontier of Texas" in the '50s; Mr. WILLIAMS of Mississippi said he "would like to ask the gentleman from New Hampshire whether the soldiers of the Indian wars with the Creeks and Black Hawks" had been left out; while Mr. RHODES of Missouri inquired why "the loyal militia forces of the several States that cooperated with the United States Government in the suppression of the late rebellion" had been neglected, and he offered an amendment including them.

But Mr. SULLOWAY was obdurate. "We stand pat on the bill," he said. Mr. LOUDENSLAGER of New Jersey explained that it was the unanimous judgment of the committee that no amendments should be permitted. At the same time it was his private opinion that "there may be thirty or forty meritorious amendments suggested." We have not had as many wars or similitudes of war as that, but the admission indicates that Congress has not done with pensions yet. The country is ever waxing prosperous, and in resources available and latent it is the richest in the world. Since the organization of the Government it has disbursed in good and bad times for pensions for all wars and services the sum of $3,459,860,311.23. Friends of every type of veteran of any service, heroes or recruits, should possess their souls in patience while representing the fighting men in Congress. No one can look upon the total of pension disbursements without conviction that the debt of gratitude will yet be paid in full.

The Grand Young Man's Grandest Speech.

The Hon. ALBERT JEREMIAH BEVERIDGE'S remarks on child labor, the "evidence" of sociologists which inspires him, and a few interjected observations, by Senators rash enough to meddle with the Great Pounder of the Constitution, occupy only some fifty-six pages of the *Congressional Record*. The report shows trace of the directing hand as well as of the majestic brain. A heavy shower of italics rages throughout. It is true that the Great Pounder is always emphatic. He may be said to speak in italics. He has italicized liberally the wisdom of other men, even men so different as JOHN MARSHALL and JOHN SPARGO. On the other hand, when he has special information, as, for example, about the tariff, he is too modest to subject it to italics:

"Mr. KEAN—There is no duty on anthracite coal.

"Mr. BEVERIDGE—There is a duty on soft coal, and the tariff on anthracite coal was removed only for a year.

"Mr. GALLINGER—It never was on.

"Mr. BEVERIDGE—Well, no matter. Maybe I have been misinformed upon that, but I don't think so."

And now let us pick up a few nuggets of edification out of this vast mine of child labor. First, the Great Pounder's theory of constitutional interpretation:

"Nobody knows about the Constitution but certain 'lawyers,' it seems, although the Constitution was made *for* the people, was 'adopted *by* the people at the polls,' as MARSHALL declares, and is supposed to be anything but mysterious."

Lawyers, especially corporation lawyers, have altogether too much to say about the Constitution. Indeed, the makers of that outworn fetish were in error. The Supreme Court should have been composed of lay Judges. Pending such a change, it is clear that a popular referendum is the proper way of testing the constitutionality of legislation.

In St. Stephen's every ear is outstretched to hear the reason of Great Britain's ruin:

"The Boer war can teach us a lesson as well as it taught England a lesson. England cannot meet a single first class Power to-day. That is the price she paid for becoming 'the commercial mistress of the seas.' Gone is that splendid yeomanry which under the Iron Duke overwhelmed the veterans of Austerlitz and bowed to the dust the forehead of the greatest captain of the world. Gone is that splendid stock that produced a SHAKESPEARE and a MILTON and a THACKERAY and a DICKENS; that produced an ARKWRIGHT; that produced the great statesmen of the past. There is not to-day a single English soldier, statesman, or writer who comes even up to the arms of the great Englishmen of yesterday. The English people paid too high a price when they gave their children to make the English mill owners the greatest capitalists in the world."

If England had had a BEVERIDGE and had obeyed his oracular voice, she might have poets and novelists like those of the Indiana school, soldiers like Colonel BRYAN, statesmen like Mr. BEVERIDGE. Let the United States be warned in time. These sorrowful thoughts may be brightened a little by the constitutional question, of living interest to the Vice-President, asked by Mr. BEVERIDGE:

"Let me suggest to the Senator a question. Will you ask me whether or not I think we have the power to prohibit the transportation in interstate commerce of the milk of a cow milked by a young lady 18 years old? Undoubtedly we have the power, but undoubtedly we would not do it. We have the power to prohibit the transportation through interstate commerce of any article. What did the Marigold case say? What did the Forty-three Gallons Whiskey case say?

"Mr. CARMACK—Mr. President——

"The Vice-President—Does the Senator from Indiana yield to the Senator from Tennessee?

"Mr. BEVERIDGE—I do. I am coming to another case.

"Mr. CARMACK—I ask the Senator if the United States Government could put the young lady in the penitentiary for not being 18 years old? [Laughter.]

"Mr. BACON—Never! GOD forbid! Protect the young ladies at all hazards. [Laughter.]"

Melting his austere mood, the Great Pounder dwells upon an adjective and joy bubbles through the Senate chamber:

"My dear [laughter]—Mr. President, the relations between myself and the Senator from Tennessee are so tender that we usually call each other 'old man,' 'my dear boy,' and other terms of affection, into which I was about to fall."

APOLLO'S bow is not always stretched. The Grand Young Man can unbend. Yet we almost prefer him in his didactic and instructive vein:

"WILLIE MUDAMOVITCH—that is a foreign name, you see."

The peroration is filling, and shows that Mr. BEVERIDGE is devoted to "the *actual* progress of the race in the tangible items of real existence, and not the theoretics of disputation." Yet the most significant, we might almost say the most awful, passage in the Grand Young Man's speech is this:

"I am not through yet."

The Grand Young Man is never "through." He is not half begun.

The Simple Truth.

The name of the Republican of New Jersey who has profited most in the political way by the remarkable procession of events ending in the downfall of Mr. DRYDEN is not FRANK O. BRIGGS. It is EVERETT COLBY.

Wait and see.

It is true that Mr. BRIGGS gets Mr. DRYDEN'S seat. That is accidental. In one sense BRIGGS may be called an accident. But in common sense COLBY is somewhat of a consequence.

Steel Cars for Subways.

That the copper sheathed cars constructed for the Manhattan underground railway are not fireproof has been demonstrated several times, and the Interborough company has announced that in buying new equipment its policy will be to purchase none but steel cars for its sub-surface lines. The unsatisfactory cars of wood are the best of their kind, and are at least as good as the steel truck, asbestos lined vehicles in use on the elevated roads of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit. The purpose of the Brooklyn concern to operate these cars in the subsurface loop that is to connect the two bridges is much to be regretted.

It would cost the Brooklyn Rapid Transit $9,000,000 to equip its lines with steel cars, and the company is unwilling to spend this sum. The cost of running inflammable wooden cars in the loop may be the roasting to death of some scores or hundreds of passengers, whose lives would not be sacrificed were the non-burnable construction employed.

This may seem a minor consideration.

Columbus must be a wicked town, if it cannot be reformed in time to welcome the President to the fair of the Ohio Colored Educational and Agricultural Association next June, which is notorious for craps, chuck-a-luck, wheels of fortune and other forms of gambling. Mr. ROOSEVELT has been solemnly warned to avoid the show of the colored brother, and no one is more active in the rôle of moralist than the Hon. CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS, who was the guest of honor last year. Mr. FAIRBANKS may know something about the wheel of fortune, but our life upon it he is a stranger to craps and chuck-a-luck. There must be something deeper than mere antipathy to games of chance in the warnings to the President, something political, something tactical, the presence, perhaps, of a rival friend of the educated and agricultural negro of Ohio.

When BOB TAYLOR and JEFF DAVIS join Mr. TILLMAN'S company, the Senate ought to be sure of a long and successful season of "refined vaudeville."

Senator PETTUS'S challenge of Senator FORAKER for "leading" a witness in the investigation of the Brownsville affair by the Committee on Military Affairs seems comical when the expedition of MILTON D. PURDY into Texas is recalled.

Mr. CHARLES R. SAUNDERS of Boston, in speaking against a proposed amendment to the Massachusetts Constitution striking the word "male" from the qualifications of voters, said at the State House on Tuesday:

"American freedom depends on the ballot box, the jury box and the cartridge box. Woman suffragists ask complete use of the ballot box, little or no use of the jury box, and entire exemption from use of the cartridge box, on which both the others depend for existence."

A bold man, Mr. SAUNDERS! There are by careful count, or were according to the last census, 931,650 women in Massachusetts over twenty-one years of age, and of these 227,111 were single women and 128,000 widows. More terrible than an army with banners are the spinsters and the widows, and a marked man like SAUNDERS can expect no mercy. Mrs. MAUDE PARKE of the Massachusetts Women Suffrage Association, which has eighty-three branches in the State and a paid membership, will no doubt turn the weapon of the rash SAUNDERS upon him by declaring that the men do not make complete use of the ballot box (far from it!), dodge jury duty, and sometimes hire substitutes when cartridge boxes are distributed. "A lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade," will be the place for SAUNDERS if the women of Massachusetts get the ballot.

While South African peaches and other fruits are now displayed in our stores, the Australians are consuming some thousands of cases of Washington apples, which went to them all the way from Seattle in perfect condition. Meanwhile, in Massachusetts, New York and other States some farmers find it profitable to raise strawberries, cauliflower and a few other vegetables under glass for the winter trade. This is a process whose costliness is reflected in the price of the products.

We have here two methods of supplying certain kinds of vegetable food to consumers at seasons of the year when these crops will not mature naturally in the home gardens and orchards. Ocean freights are cheap, and the business of shipping vegetable commodities from one country to another whose growing season is in a different part of the year is constantly increasing.

The art of shipping perishable fruits and vegetables is becoming so perfected that some day they will come to be supplied at reasonable prices and in large quantities all the year around. With this prospect in view it is not likely that the winter growing of fruit and vegetables under glass will have large development.

Growing crops under glass has this advantage, that as far as temperature and other conditions may be adapted to the needs of the plant it may be grown anywhere. We raise a few bunches of bananas in and around New York every year. The thing can be done, but it is too expensive for practical purposes. Cheap production and freights place the bananas of Central America in the London markets at a price so small that the poor buy them.

It would cost a pretty penny to raise a little wheat in the hottest tropics, but perhaps it might be done by artificially cooling a confined volume of air. If we were to sow wheat in the right soil in the humid tropics we should see such wheat stalks as Minnesota never produces, but that would be the trouble. The plant goes all to leaf in tropical lowlands and will not yield a kernel of grain.

A Woman's Town.

From the Lewiston, Me., Journal.

If Norway ever should have a Mayor the chances are ten to one a woman would hold the office. This Oxford county village of 1,500 inhabitants has more than a score of women managing progressive lines of business.

The town physician is a woman. A woman is justice of the peace. A woman manages a dry goods store. Another is photographer, a fifth is bank cashier, a sixth is an undertaker, and still a seventh is an insurance agent.

Until her recent resignation the Rev. Caroline E. Angell was, for eighteen years, pastor of the Universalist Church at Norway. Mrs. F. W. Sanborn is responsible for the appearance of the Norway *Advertiser*, the local weekly. This by no means completes the list of the successful business women of Norway.

Hot Sea Baths.

From the Travel Magazine.

Salt water, so strengthening ordinarily, is most weakening when too warm. On most ocean boats there is an abundance of warm water in the bath rooms, and the daily salt bath is a great tonic, but beware of getting it too hot. It will turn you faint if you do, even if you are accustomed to an equally high temperature in fresh water at home.

24 o'Clock.

From the Travel Magazine.

In Italy time is reckoned on the twenty-four hour system. Thus, 3 o'clock in the afternoon is there designated as 15 o'clock. Midnight is 24 o'clock. The good sense of this plan should commend its use by all enlightened nations.

Substitution.

Nurse—What do you think of your new brother?

Johnny—He looks as though the doctor was all out of them, but gave us something just as good.

Their Economic Value.

Knicker—Do you think bachelors should be taxed?

Bocker—No, indeed; they save fathers-in-law the cost of supporting them.

MONET, LAWSON, DOUGHERTY.

What Turgenief most condemned in his great contemporary, Dostoievsky—if the gentle Russian giant ever condemned any one—was Feodor Mikhailovitch's taste for "psychological mole runs"; an inveterate burrowing into the dark places of humanity's soul. Now, if there is a dark spot in a highly lighted subject it is the question, Who was the first impressionist? According to Charles De Kay, Whistler once told him that he, James the Butterfly, began the movement; which is a capital and characteristic anecdote, especially if one recalls Whistler's boast made to a young etcher as to the initiative of Corot. Whistler practically said: "Before Corot was, I am!" And he adduced certain canvases painted with the misty edged trees long before—but why continue? Whistler didn't start Corot—apart from the chronological difficulties in the way—any more than Courbet and Manet started Whistler; yet both these painters played important rôles in the American master's art. So let us accept Mauclair's dictum as to Claude Monet's priority in the field of impressionism. Certainly he attained his marked style before he met Manet; Manet was angry when he first heard of Monet, believing him to be some impostor sailing under a false name. Later he actually modified his own paint to show his sympathy with the new school. Monet went to Watteau, Constable, Monticelli for his ideas, and in London, about 1870, he studied Turner with an interest that finally bordered on worship. And why not? In Turner, at the National Gallery, you may find the principles of impressionism carried to extravagant lengths, and years before Monet. Consider "Rain, Steam and Speed—the Great Western Railway," that vision of a locomotive dashing across a bridge in chromatic chaos. Or the "Sea Piece" in the James Orrock collection—a welter of brass hatchings in variegated hues wherein any school of impressionism from Watteau's "Embarkment" to Monet's latest manner or the *pointillisme* of Lignac and Seurat can be recognized. And there is a water color of Turner's in the National Gallery called "Honfleur," which has anticipated many traits of Boudin and the Manet we know when he had not forgotten Eugène Boudin's influence.

Let us enjoy our Monet without too many "mole runs." As De Kay pointed out, it was not necessary for Monet to go to London to see Constables. In the Louvre he could gaze upon them at leisure, also Bonington; not to mention the Venetians and such a Dutchman as Vermeer. It is therefore doubly interesting to study the Monets at present on view at the Durand-Ruel Galleries, 5 West Thirty-sixth street. There are twenty-seven and they range as far back as 1872," Promenade à Trouville," and come down to the "Charing Cross Bridge," 1904 and the two Waterloo Bridge effects, 1903. It is a wide range in sentiment and technique. The "Mills in Holland" of 1874 is as cool and composed as Boudin. Sincerity and beauty are in the picture—for we do not agree with those who see in Monet only an unemotional recorder of variations in light and tone. He can compose a background as well as any of his contemporaries and an important fact is overlooked when Monet is jumbled indiscriminately with a lot of inferior men. Monet knew how to *draw* before he handled pigment. Some landscape painters do not; many impressionists trust to God and their palette knife; so the big men are sufferers. Monet, it may be noted, if you visit M. Durand-Ruel's, essayed many keys; his compositions are not nearly so monotonous as has been asserted. What does often exhaust the optic nerve is the violent impinging thereon of his lights. He has an eagle eye, but we have not. Wagner had the faculty of attention developed to such an extraordinary pitch that with our more normal and weaker nerves he soon exhausts us in his flights. Too much Monet is like too much Monticelli or too much sunshine. There is a cat at Durand-Ruel's, Mimi Pinson by name, that whenever a certain sunny Monet is hung begins to purr and stretch herself near the fierce sun rays of the picture and soon falls asleep. Of course the cat is an impressionist.

The breezy effect with the poplars painted flat is an example very unlike Monet. The church of Varengeville at Dieppe (1880) is a classic specimen; so is the Pourville beach (1882). What delicate greens in the "Spring" (1885). What fine distance, an ocean view, in the Pourville picture! Or, if you care for subdued harmonies, there is the ice floe at Vétheuil (1881).

The London pictures tell of the older artist—not so vigorous, a vein of tenderness beginning to show instead of his youthful blazing optimism. Claude Monet must have had a happy life—he is still a robust man painting daily in the fields, leading the glorious life of a landscapist, one of the few romantic professions in this prosaic age. Not so vain, so irritable as either Manet or Whistler, Monet's nerves never prompted him to extravagances. That classic backbiter Dr. Max Nordau declares that Monet is suffering from an optical degeneration—poor, overworked word! Monet sees better, sees more keenly than his fellow men. What a misfortune! Ibsen and Wagner suffered, too, from superior brains. Let us stone their memory, cries Nordau. If Monet ever suffered seriously from a danger to his art it was—success. He was abused in the beginning, but not so severely as Manet—who was so eager for applause that one day Degas angrily exclaimed: "I say, Manet, you hanker after notoriety as though you had no talent!" But success perched on Monet's palette at last. His pictures never seem to suggest any time but high noon, in spirit at least. He is never sad. And is there anything sadder under the sun than a soul incapable of sadness?

Durand-Ruel also shows the work of several Monet followers, Georges d'Espagnat, Maufra and Moret—the latter's name suggests a Shandean influence on the career of this painter, who is very Monetish. The quality of d'Espagnat's color is not alluring; it is often thick and inharmonious. But he is an artist of ability who is working off the divided tyrannies of Monet and Renoir. Maufra is a bigger man. He has an individual note and improves constantly. For Moret we have no abiding passion; the gentle Sisley, the versatile Pissarro are more to our taste. They are admirably represented in the collections of this firm.

Crossing the ocean of paint and prejudice, yet only going to Macbeth's new galleries, 450 Fifth avenue, or across town and up to the New York Art School, 2239 Broadway, corner of Eightieth street, we may enjoy the work of two young men, both landscapists and marine painters, yet both as different in their personal method as Manet and Monet. Paul Dougherty and Ernest Lawson are the artists whose work exhibited this winter has set the studios buzzing and the critics praising. Lawson is a gold medallist at the Philadelphia exhibition, and the success of Dougherty's Academy picture was so marked that he was awarded the Carnegie medal, which he had to forego because of some silly red tape. Both men inspired warm words in THE SUN of justly deserved praise. It is a tribute not only to Robert Henri's sound judgment but to his good heart that he was so outspoken at the Lawson show as to say: "This man is the biggest we have had since Winslow Homer." It is true. And it would have been as true of Paul Dougherty. Fourteen in number—two extras not catalogued—the Lawsons set you to wondering if we all are not talent blind during certain seasons! How these pictures—several the property of Mr. James Moore—escaped the greedy fingers of the connoisseur and dealer is a wonder. Yet there they are, there they were, and only the few saw, noted and bought. There are some melancholy souls in town to-day, for Lawsons and Doughertys have jumped up 50 per cent. in value.

Lawson's paint is now his own. He has felt the impact of the impressionists; he can handle all the tricks of that method with ease. But he sticks to no formula. If he sees a tree as black as charcoal it comes out black; if he sees men as red tufts of color in an excavation he notes the fact. He believes in the Harlem River; Italy and soft skies do not interest him. His canvases are tonic; cold breezes sweep across them; the snow is prismatic; tree trunks gleam in the setting sunshine; across the hill is a patch of blue sky; the river is greenish—the whole effect is magical. Direct, virile vision—Lawson, like Dougherty, has the "innocence" of the eyes. He loves ice-bound rivers, chunks of ice float down stream. You hear them crackle. It is on the stringpiece of the pier at Twenty-eighth street and the North River. Or across marvellously toned green ice cakes the gulls fly. A ball of marked red is a dying sun. The scene is poetic, yet without one false note, without the "slow music" of so many sentimental brush dabsters. His Harlem Flats shock you by their ugliness; very well, don't look at them; nor at the Pennsylvania Tunnel. These pictures are for people with nerves and strong stomachs who can see real, not fictitious, life. Several of the Academy pictures are here. They come out at you strongly, for they are fed by a northern light and not "skied" in a morgue. How Lawson feels the green of spring and the joyful vernal shimmer may be seen in his "Early Summer," a canvas as lovely in tone as his prize picture in Quakerdom. It is an occasion not to be neglected by art lovers in search of sincere, broad native work, suffused with human feeling, often sweet, always sane.

Whether it is his youth—he is not yet 30—or his temperamental tendency, it may not be denied that Paul Dougherty sees nature more poetically, let us say more subjectively, than Ernest Lawson. He loves midocean under rich moonlight; or he portrays the plastic union of wave and cloud—a phantasmagoria of green mist and undulating water; or, in his landscapes, such as the "Old Viaduct," "Mid-Island Gorge," he sees with the poet's as well as the painter's vision. He has not the defining eye of Lawson, but perhaps a more divining one. He shows Winslow Homer's influence. Dougherty has affection for the lower tones of the gamuts. He is not afraid of foundational blacks and browns. His paint is very solid; his forms, such as his striated rocks or curling waves, or the heavy, sullen swell of open sea, are *felt*; you have no doubt as to their reality, and not a false step, not a theatric stroke. There are twenty of Mr. Dougherty's pictures; and the little red seal is being daily affixed—the seal that denotes a sale. You can see that this work is the result of a rigorous personal study of nature. The artist spends much of his time near the ocean and on fishermen's boats. Studio paint or studio light is never suggested. His "Moonlight at Sea" is a series of graduated wave rhythms that convey the mass vibration of water—the picture seems to rise and fall, and without employing the impressionist's spots or dots. Beautiful greens and blues abound in his work. "The Leaping Wave" is one example; "The Blue Fog" another. We admired "The Old Viaduct" and its processional trees. You are in mid-France—until Mr. Macbeth remarks that the scene was viewed at Binghamton. Mr. Dougherty not only has a future, but is enjoying a present.

The faults of both Lawson and Dougherty are obvious: the former might temper his realism to the shorn lamb with advantage; the latter should subdue a tendency to sentimentality. Technical shortcomings are not in our province to record.

All three of these exhibitions—that of the great Frenchman and of the two gifted young Americans—recall Mr. W. C. Brownell's words of wisdom for those persons who face the past and see no good in their own days. "To an intelligence fully and acutely alive its own time," writes Mr. Brownell, "must, I think, be more interesting than any other. The sentimental, the scholastic, the speculative temperament may look before or after with longing or regret; but that sanity of mind which is practical and productive must find its most agreeable sensations in the data to which it is intimately and inexorably related. * * * Culture is impossible apart from cosmopolitanism, but self-respect is more indispensable than culture."

In a word, let us be catholic in our tastes; which may also mean let us be occasionally—contemporaneous. It is fatally easy to praise Raphael or Titian.

Scientific Treatment of Alarm Clocks.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The article on alarm clocks in your Sunday issue is interesting, but I can give the writer a valuable point that has escaped him. Instead of winding up the alarm to its full extent I set it at the point desired, and then give the key a half turn or so. When the moment for awakening comes there are half a dozen gentle tinkles, and then the racket stops.

If you wish to do so, in order to make certain of results, you can turn the key two or three times, increasing the alarm to any extent desired.

How much better is this method of nipping off the vicious whirr at the beginning than to bury the clock in the pillows or allow it to awaken everybody in the house. How in the name of common sense can anybody fail to think of the simple plan?

UPPER MONTCLAIR, N. J., February 6. E.

Mr. Have Leak Trickles In.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The following personal is from the *San Angelo (Tex.) Press:*

"Have Leak of Paint Rock was a visitor to San Angelo last week."

Can't Have be enrolled as an immortal?

FORT WORTH, February 2. D. C. MCCALEB.

The Ghosts of the Snow.

He met them leaning on the wind—
Asleep, amid the whirling storm!
The traveller left no tracks behind,
So fast the choking drift did form.

The traveller left no footprint more
Than they who leaned against the blast.
'Twas strange he had not known before
With what White Company he passed!

(The sentry from the farthest post,
The guide, the gallant voyageur,
The brother from the hospice lost,
The mother and the child that were.)

'Twas strange, how strange! It seemed they spurned
The peril of the tempest wild.
Their faces all toward him were turned;
On him, through lidded eyes, they smiled.

And through unparted lips they spake
(While lullingly their words did fall):
"To sleep, to sleep, and not to wake—
To sleep, to sleep, to sleep—is all!"

* * * * * * *

He met them leaning on the wind,
Asleep, amid the whirling storm—
The traveller left no tracks behind,
No trace above his sheeted form.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

THE GREATEST SWINDLE OF THE AGE.

When Will the People of New York Awake?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* So far as I have observed, THE SUN is the only great newspaper which has called attention to the greatest swindle of the age—the barge canal. As a citizen and taxpayer I read your stirring editorial of Sunday with intense interest. I am led to ask, "When will the people of the Empire State awake to the fact that they are being robbed of millions of good dollars in the carrying on of this scheme?"

True, its advocates say the people voted for it. In reality they did no such thing. The people in the counties voted against it by a large majority, i. e., the people who voted at all. A great majority of electors failed to vote either way. I have always believed that the vote of the city was counted for the canal amendment without attempt at a division. In this way many an obnoxious amendment has been declared carried.

It is true that contracts have been entered into for portions of the work, and boards with high sounding names and highly paid officers have been organized. But would it not be interesting to point out just what class of politicians hold these big contracts? How many friends of the ex-bosses are represented in them?

After throwing away $9,000,000 to the incompetents and grafters, not many years ago, with the political atmosphere red with stories of scandals and misappropriation, how can the sensible business people of a great Commonwealth sit quietly and see the $9,000,000 job dwarfed into insignificance by the enormity of the present undertaking?

The end must come some time, and unless some remedy is found the hundred millions—or two hundred and fifty millions—will have the same old story to tell. Does any sane person believe the barge canal can be completed for $101,000,000? Will $250,000,000 cover the job and "jobs"? There are few who really believe that the barge canal will ever be completed—at any price!

Before it is everlastingly too late—before any more good money is sent after the vanished nine millions, for which the State has absolutely nothing to show—let us hope that Governor Hughes and upright, progressive legislators will read THE SUN'S warning, take note of the dangers which have been pointed out, and give a confiding people another chance. There is one way to stop further expense and more graft and mismanagement—that is, let the Legislature refuse absolutely to make further appropriations. Where is the end if the people do not awake? S.

NEW YORK, February 5.

NAVY ENGINEER CORPS.

Since Its Transfer to the Line No Commissioned Officer Is Called an Engineer.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In the article entitled "The War of Line and Staff" in THE SUN of February 3 it is (doubtless correctly) stated that "since the engineers entered the line they no longer have that unpleasant nickname of 'greasers.'" This statement, read in connection with the context, would to the ordinary mind imply that the "engineers" of the United States Navy are commissioned officers, and this, so far as my observation goes, is the general impression. I do not, however, understand it to be a correct one.

The naval personnel act of March 3, 1899 (30 Stat. L. 1004), enacted, among other things: "That the officers constituting the engineer corps of the navy be and are hereby transferred to the line of the navy," and provided for the appointment of a number of non-commissioned or warrant officers, termed "warrant machinists," without specifying the duties which the latter were to perform. It is my understanding that as a result of this act there is now no commissioned officer known as or having the title of "engineer" in the navy, and that the engine and boiler departments of its vessels are managed and operated by non-commissioned "warrant machinists," under the supervision of a line officer, who may or may not have had engineering training or experience. While this officer may appear in the row of uniformed breasts on the right of the ward room table, he does not, nor does any other commissioned officer, stand an engine room watch, and the engines and boilers are operated by enlisted men, who are now the only watch "engineers" of the navy. It is not my desire to enter upon a discussion of the propriety or advisability of such practice, but merely to call attention to its existence.

J. SNOWDEN BELL.

NEW YORK, February 5.

Our Enormous Governmental Revenues.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* According to an advance sheet of the forthcoming report of the Bureau of the Census on "Wealth, Debt and Taxation," now in press, the national, State and local governmental yearly revenues and expenditures of our great country approach very nearly $2,000,000,000 a year. The latest official figures show:

Annual revenues	$1,778,352,930
Annual expenditures	1,773,959,369

The yearly revenues classify as:

Nation	$670,789,517
States and Territories	189,164,067
Counties	199,120,468
Cities of more than 25,000 inhabitants	424,763,472
Cities of from 8,000 to 25,000 inhabitants	75,211,144
Other civil divisions (estimated)	219,304,262

It is explained by the bureau that the figures for States, counties and the larger cities are in all cases compiled from reports of actual receipts and payments; those for cities containing less than 8,000 inhabitants and for other minor civil divisions are in part estimated, the estimates being based upon actual reports of tax levies, exact statements of indebtedness on which interest is paid and kindred information.

The yearly expenditures classify as:

Nation	$617,530,137
States and Territories	185,764,202
Counties	197,365,827
Cities of more than 25,000 inhabitants	468,637,749
Cities of from 8,000 to 25,000 inhabitants	82,578,570
Other civil divisions (estimated)	222,082,884

Taken as a whole the excess of yearly revenues over yearly expenditures is $4,393,561.

Some of the classifications expended more than their income, as shown in the following table:

Cities of more than 25,000 inhabitants	$44,000,000
Cities of from 8,000 to 25,000 inhabitants	7,000,000
Other civil divisions	3,000,000

Those whose income exceeded expenditures are:

Nation	$53,000,000
States and Territories	4,000,000
Counties	2,000,000

Note the principal items of the yearly general revenues—items aggregating $934,000,000 of the $1,778,000,000 total:

General property tax	$707,000,000
Special property and business taxes	62,000,000
Subventions and grants	61,000,000
Liquor licenses	55,000,000
Other licenses and permits	20,000,000
Poll taxes	16,000,000
Fines and forfeits	8,000,000
Donations and gifts	3,000,000
All other	2,000,000

The general property tax of $707,000,000 is paid by:

Cities of more than 25,000 inhabitants	$270,000,000
Counties	143,000,000
States and Territories	82,000,000
Cities of from 8,000 to 25,000 inhabitants	46,000,000
All other civil divisions	166,000,000

Another chief item of our enormous governmental revenues is "commercial revenues." This aggregates $173,000,000 a year, and is paid by:

Cities of more than 25,000 inhabitants	$93,000,000
States and Territories	30,000,000
Counties	20,000,000
Cities of from 8,000 to 25,000 inhabitants	16,000,000
All other civil divisions	14,000,000

Constantly increasing American business will maintain this. WALTER J. BALLARD.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., January 31.

No Clearing House of Thought?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Mr. Wells in his book "The Future in America" says he found no "clearing house of thought" in Washington.

It would be interesting to know in what month he visited Washington. E. S.

NEW YORK, February 6.